city, where the inhabimalist and one an artist of Said the lord to

raised an eyeglass to his left silver harness, as the horses of her card forward," but he was unable | riage, drawn up on the road above, tossed he name on the card placed | their heads and fidgeted." note that it was engaged. remained painfully unenhe soft, soft swish of silk" and uggestion of a delicate and ange perfume." The interest-

a table was being taken possesgirl in a wonderful white dress, re leaning over to admire ad previously bestowed sity on the white roses on

glad that the water did not hold harespectfully; but it is our busi-The girl, properly, was not "A few steps behind came on, an elderly man who walked limp, leaning heavily upon

to the flowers and made an he lord inquired simultaneously Alas!" says the story, "neither of

The story says: den leaned back in his chair, smokgarette and sipping his Turkish ho sat only a few yards away from ad been placed before her and re-

ether she or the waiter. It is no matter. studious Lord Wolfenden continued We read: "He had o withdraw himself from the n in which his friends were interheld her silver fork, toved liar and wonderful daintiness."

scarcely anything. But finally en in the matter of ice cream, she displayed the power and the habit of nice selection. In the words

enough then to care for ices. She bent over to the waiter who was hovering near, she asked a question. He bowed and removed the plate. In a moment or two, [how much longer than one moment are two moments? he reappeared with another. This time the paper and its contents were brown. She smiled as she helped herself-such heard from her lips:

Said Densham, the artist, softly: "She's wonderful!" Said Lord Wolfenden: "Marvellous!" We have questioned ourselves and have found in us no reason to dissent from either of those sentiments. Of course she was a Princess in exile.

secret to say at this point that she was the Princess Heline of Bourbon, that she was betrothed toher cousin, Prince Henri be Prime Minister. Who the gloomy young man Felix was in this story we shall not fully reveal. Enough to say that he as we read: was attached to the Russian Embassy in London, that after the supper in the restaurant he attacked Mr. Sabin with a dagger, and that he foiled the plot which contemplated the overthrow of England by Ger-

golf stockings and she in a tailor made ress, and we must think it the fault of the artist that he has not given to them will expect and that the text proclaims. We ourselves have turned with some im-

o one had ever dared to touch her fingers apart from the tramp of armies." before without first begging permission. "Don't you know-Hel'ne-that I love be my wife. Don't say that I haven't a chance I know that I ought not to have | We read: spaken yet, but you are going away so I am not asking you now for your love. I know that it is too soon-to hope forthat -altogether! I only want you to know, and

to be allowed to hope." He did not know that she was engaged to Prince Henri. He was not aware that she was heiress of the Bourbons and that the project was before her eyes—the glittering project, we think we may say-to

stretch of wet sand and of seaweed stained n like to be noticed would have rocks, rising from little pools of water py if they possessed powers | left by the tide, and beyond the flat, marshy country was broken only by that line of low cliffs, from which the little tufts of grass sprouted feebly. The waves, which rolled Brown & Co., Boston). almost to her feet, were barely ripples, breaking with scarcely a visible effort upon ed to seeing much, and it the moist sand. Above the sky was gray that three Londoners, one and threatening; only a few minutes before a cloud of white mist had drifted in from the sea and settled softly upon the land in Embankment, neglect their | the form of rain. The whole outlook was wondering who was going typical of intense desolation. The only sound breaking the silence, almost curiously devoid of all physical and animal noises, was whose name it is upon the the soft washing of the sand at her feet, and every now and then the jingling of

It was the carriage of Lord Wolfenden's mother, Lady Deringham, wife of the mad Admiral, Earl of Deringham, who was writing a treatise, in his mad way, on the defects of the English Navy and the weakness of the British coast defences. We asked ourselves what this middle aged lady, placid, sane, different from her husband, was doing on the desolate salt sands, her carriage waiting, her horses jingling their silver harness. We have said repeatedly that it is quite against our inclination and instruction to reveal the secrets of a waiter respectfully held | a tale, but we shall venture to make it known here that Lady Deringham in her unaccounting girlhood had written compromising letters to Mr. Sabin, and that she was now waiting, in considerable trepidation, for the appearance of that masterful man. Mr. Sabin wanted certain information, supposed by him to be contained in the treatise of the mad Admiral, and he was now after it, in a fashion which would be called blackmail, had his purpose been less lofty, from the French monarchical

We find our copy of this crowded tale so full of marks that we despair of giving an account of all of them. At page 286 Mr. Sabin says to Felix in a railroad train "I have a check book in my pocket and a the Crédit Lyonnaise for £20,000." Felix laughed and took the check. No wonder he was named Felix. At page 289 Mr. Sabin lord made almost no concealment | says to the Princess: "I want you to understand that success, absolute success, i ours. I have the personal pledge of the German Emperor, signed by his own hand. To-morrow at noon the compact is con cluded. In a few weeks at the most the with a dainty indifference with | thunderbolt will have fallen. These arrodishes, which, one after the gant islanders will be facing a great invasion whose success is already made absolutely Then the only true, the only sweet battle cry in the French tongue will ring through the woods of Brittany, ay, even to the walls of Paris. Vice la France! Vive la Monarchie!" Just why this did not happen we shall not undertake to tell, but we will say that at page 315 the record stands: "Felix laughed."

Again, at page 197, we find Lord Wolfenden kissing the Princess. Already, at page able to infer that it is even 192, it has been made plain to us that Prince Henri stood no chance. The Princess says: 'If even there was really something serious for him to know. Henri would survive it His is not the temperament for sorrow. For twenty minutes he would be in a paroxysm He would probably send out for poison which he would be careful not to take; and play with a pistol, if he were sure that it was not loaded. By dinner time he would be caim, the opera would soothe him still more, and by the time it was over he would be quite ready to take Mademoiselle Somebody out to supper. With the first glass of champagne his sorrow would be drowned

The Princess was facetious, and obviously not serious enough to overturn At last, however, the waiter set before the Government of a great country. As a dish in which she was evidently infor Mr. Sabin, he sailed to Boston and mar-Children had been born to Maximus, but terested. Wolfenden recognized the pink ried Mrs. J. B. Peterson of Lenox, Mass., frilled paper and smiled. She was human a widowed lady, to whom he had been attentive in his youth. She was handsome, was camped about the city. There surt and shrugged her shoulders—turning he liked Berkshire, and he found life comfortable, even after the wreck of a towering ambition. An eventful story, calculated. we are sure, to interest any generous

George Gissing's Posthumous Romance.

George Gissing's story of "Veranilda" a smile that Wolfenden wondered that the (E. P. Dutton & Co.) has its scene in Rome walter did not lose his head and hand her and other parts of central and northern pepper and salt instead of gravely filling Italy and its time in the sixth century. ber glass. She took up her spoon and de- It begins: "Seven years long had the liberately tasted the contents of her plate. armies of Justinian warred against the Then she looked across the table and spoke Goths in Italy. Victor from Rhegium to the first words in English which he had Ravenna the great commander Belisarius had returned to the East, carrying captive *Coffee ice. So much nicer than straw- a Gothic King. The cities of the conquered land were garrisoned by barbarians of many tongues, who bore the name of Roman soldiers; the Italian people, brought low by slaughter, dearth and plague, crouched under the rapacious tyranny of governors from Byzantium.

This will indicate the formal language We feel that it is really no betrayal of a of the story—the dignified cadence and measure which historical romances do not and doubtless should not set aside, though history itself in late years has ventured of Ortrens, and that the gentleman with to be not a little careless in this particular. her, Mr. Sabin (really the Duc de Sous- We come very soon to an account of the pennier was plotting for the restoration household of an infirm Roman Senator, of the monarchy in France, and hoped to whose nephew, Basil, is the hero of the tale It will be remarked that the formality of the language is scrupulously preserved

"In these days the Senators of Rome, heirs to a title whose ancient power and dignity were half forgotton, abode within the city, under restraint disguised as honor, the conqueror's hostages. One among them, of noblest name, Flavius Anicius We find Lord Wolfenden declaring his Maximus, broken in health by the troubles love to the Princess at page 150. There of the time and by private sorrow, languishs a picture of them. He is in tweeds and | ing all but unto death in the heavy air of the Tiber, was permitted to seek relief in a visit to which he would of his domains in Italy. His birth, his repute, gave warquite that air of distinction that the reader | rant of his loyalty to the empire, and his coffers furnished the price put upon such a favor by Byzantine greed. Maximus chose patience and with considerable relief from for refuge his villa by the Campanian shore, the picture to the text. We read at this vast, beautiful, half in ruin, which had been enjoyed by generations of the Anician His hand had closed upon hers, and she family. Situated above the little town of had not the strength to draw it away. Surrentum, it caught the cooler breeze, It was so very English, this sudden wooing. and on its mountainous promontory lay

It will be noticed that this could hardly be said with a more rounded fulness. Peryou? I want you to live in England-to haps the deliberation is a trifle less as we continue, but there is still nothing abrupt.

"The household comprised his unwedded soon, and I am so awaid that I might not sister Petronilla, a lady of middle age, see you again alone. Don't stop me, please. his nephew Basil, and another kinsman, a student and an invalid; together with a physician, certain freedmen who rendered services of trust, a eunuch at the command of Petronilla, and the usual body of male and female slaves. Some score of glebe bound peasants cultivated the large estate for their lord's behoof. Notwithstanding the distress that had fallen upon the Roman nobility, many of whom were sunk into be Queen of France. "I am so sorry!" she indigence, the chief of the Anicii still consaid to him as she held out her hands in trolled large means; and the disposal of these possessions at his death was matter We found ourselves saying "Now, what of interest to many persons—not least to the dickens?" as we came to the twentysecond chapter. Here it says: "A woman, man's sister a piously tenacious advocate. PUBLICATIONS

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Here Basil hesitated, and Marcian said:

Continued on Eighth Page. PUBLICATIONS.

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